Even now, when, before going to sleep or upon awaking in the middle of the night, I have the misfortune to think of Jammes, all hope of sleep is gone.

Read last night to Em. what I have written of my novel[30] — that is to say, up to the first departure from the Quartfourche. It is too subtle, too broken up into *nuances.* When I write *Les Caves,* beside a flat tone I shall boldly place another flat tone.

"Oh yes, and, besides Henri Gheon is a deaf man. With him it's easy to carry on a conversation," says Peguy, who has come out to the Villa after me to see if I can influence some of those who will vote for the Goncourt prize or the *Vie Heureuse* prize.[31] What a horrible invention those prizes are! Here is poor Peguy, who for the past fortnight has been doing nothing but climbing stairs and ringing doorbells, etc. . . .

Went to see (for Marguerite Audoux, who is also in the running) £lemir Bourges. The greatest charmer since Mallarme.

Saw Suares too; but he pays too much attention to his legend; he wants to be notified the day before you come; according to him, he fears not hearing the bell; the truth is that he doesn't like to be taken by surprise; the lamp has to be placed in the right spot so as to light him very little, from a certain distance and very much from the side. He is rather short, rather swollen; his hands are plump. I should like him to be more emaciated.

VHIth Court. — Monday, 14 November

He had held up until this moment; I saw him come in fresh and pink, his features only very slightly drawn; but as soon as he had been led to the place of the accused, he looked for his father among the crowd filling the back of the hall, and as soon as he had made out the stooped, unhappy man, who used to crush him under his scoldings and reproaches, then all the muscles in his pale little face seemed suddenly to contract. Those who come in through that door come

from the house of

[30] *Isabelle,* which appeared in 1911.

[81] According to the will of the Goncourt brothers, finally approved in 1900, there was established a Goncourt Academy of ten writers, each receiving a pension, and a Goncourt prize of 5,000 francs to be voted annually by the Academy to "the best work of imagination in prose." Some of the winners are Claude Farrere (1905), the Tharaud brothers (1906), Henri Barbusse (1916), Georges Duhamel (1918), Marcel Proust (1919), Andr6 Mabaux (1933). The *Vie Heureuse* prize was founded in 1904 by the magazine of that name and also amounted to 5,000 francs. In 1910 it went to Marguerite Audoux for her sensitive, realistic novel *Marie-Claire.* The literary prizes have always been even more important in France for the publicity they confer on a work than for their cash value.